# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## Original Poetry.

### LINES.

*On reading a favorite part of my younger years*

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As a clear river brightly pours along
In fresh, abundant waves, sparkling and glad,
The tide of youthful feeling, pure and strong,
Flows through my heart, and all its memories call
Nigh, and are lost; while free from all alloy,
With a low murmuring, divinely sweet,
Come gushing up the springs of earliest joy,
When my young heart most passionately beat.

Come thronging thoughts, like troops of seraphim,
That whisper of the ever blessed time,
When Love's sweet presence, and his holy hymn,
Filled my charmed life with one melodious chime.

And all inspiring sounds, of valor and song,
Were thrilling echoes of the one loved name,
And shapes of beauty, shadows of his form,
What was more beautiful than all, became

And aspiration lost itself in one
Absorbing wish to be worthy more,
His, whose proud spirit's intellectual throne,
Dazzled the young eyes with its bright store.

To this all loveliness my heart had dreamed,
All excellence my thoughts could comprehend,
All holiness my God had ever framed
But fitting tribute with my love to blend.

Dream of perfection! was your mission vain?
Love, I will wear your glory for my own!
Or, gliding from my eager clasp, remain
Forever on the horizon's misty cone!

Exiled it, Hope! oh, be not from me driven,
Dreams of my youth, abide with me, for aye,
Till I be worthier him, and worthier Heaven,
Fitter to blend with God's Eternal Day.

H.

### TO A DEAR BROTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, Heather, I am very happy here,
But yet I feel an earnest, longing sense,
Nurtured from time, whom my heart holds so dear;
A yearning for thy presence quith hence.
My only Brother, dost thou think of me?
With the strong love I feel, since parted thus from thee

Years have passed o'er us, happy years indeed,
Yet sorrow one has marked their onward career:
Sweet sisters pure, aged—and now dead!
Death launched his dart not with all on latter fame,
And they are gone forever—shall we sigh?
No, but rejoice that it was not hard to die.

My Brother, many a prayer has winged its way,
Up to the Eternal Throne, that Heaven would give
Blessings to him, who is my earliest day,
Taught me to love, and lavished me here to live.
Oh, could we then now, as I have seen,
Thee, with the laurel and lost, in days that sure have been

Though years were sliod at parting, yet I felt
That deep veiled me love ev'n more deeply,
And with the lapse of time, I have dwelt
And of my love, each claims an equal share
Kindly—yet while there was a difference,
To fear I think of most, for thee most strongly pray

Although misfortune's fallen to my lot,
Through a glass, darkly, I may still have been—
Yet from life's page, one sorrow I could blot:
For that is ended, and I am free, at rest.
Through a glass, darkly. Yet some beauty can know
Far more of love and pure, than they would care to show.

But what of this, my Brother? We can feel
In sense, a holy union,
A something that no tongue can e'er reveal,
Enduring, as your Tutor's extending love
Your Brother, we shall meet again above,
Then to the full extent, does't know a Father's love
*Fort Union, Mass.* JULIA.

## Original Tales.

### THE WHITE LADY;
### Or, the Haunted Mansion.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MRS HUDSON, AUTHOR OF AUNT MARY'S TALES. ORNAMENTS DISCOVERED, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Helen Dunlop and Blanche Walmsley had been schoolfellows for several years, at the fashionable seminary of the late Miss Spencer, at Hackney, and being, in the first instance, introduced to each other, by the circumstance of their having been born on the same day, and the mutual sympathy excited by the arrival of their birthday presents, on the anniversary soon ripened into intimacy; and as they were of an age, when the young affections, like the bindweed of the vine, require an object around which to twine themselves, this intimacy warmed into love, and became a source of high enjoyment, for the brief years of both. Yet the construction of their minds was as dissimilar, as that of their forms, though each in the particular way, most interested in the ripening charms which their persons began rapidly to develope. Blanche's was that in which strength and fair and fine, that the blue veins might be distinctly traced, and the blood seem to meander through them, and not every muscle perceptible in the most tenuous tongue which it received, at the same time that her fine bright hazel eyes flattered with animation, mellowed by the softness of their lashes, and according to the impulses of the mind within. Indeed it seemed as if Nature had built a transparent tenement for the soul, that all might see, and admire, as the summer's noonday sun. Unconscious of her beauty, a thought

"That virtue keeps concealed,"

to think, and to express her thoughts, were with her one and the same thing, except where the feelings of delicacy were concerned, which were as generous, and considerate when that was the case, she would sacrifice even to excess, whatever was merely personal, to make it a wanting of pain, or temporary pang from those she loved. Helen's thoughts and feelings, though not less pure, generous and virtuous, much less conspicuous, as well as less freely expressed, and whilst Blanche's mind might be compared to a bright sparkling spring that poured forth its pure transparent waters, in an unobstructed gush, that of Helen rather resembled a large, more contemplative stream, where it had reached so deep a channel, that though it still continued to flow, its motion produced but a slight ripple on its smooth surface. She was gradually said to be reserved, but in fact it was not a reserve that was occasioned by cither pride, nor coldness or want of feeling, but one simply from an excess of modesty, which led her to imagine that nothing that was pretty, pleasing, or clever, displayed with whatever called forth her imagination, aroused her fancy, or gave an additional glow to her already warm and sanguine temperament. Sir Walter Byron, Moore and a few others, had been her delight almost from childhood, and, of, as she grew older, she was not one of those who can see of their deities in her hand, it was because the contents of each might, almost literally, be said to be transcribed on her heart. Helen, on the contrary, sought those works that gave her subject for thinking, and through ground of Scott, as a counterpart, and strongly impressed with admiration for him, both as a man and an author, she turned, when in want of food for her mind, to Hemans, Hogg, Southey, or Macaulay as more certain to find in their pages the nutriment it required. In saying this, however, we ought to remark, that we, in describing these two characters, have been led rather to paint them as they became after their minds were more fully developed, than as they appeared when mere schoolgirls, the first have seldom alone stood out in relief.

Though a native of the land of blue eyes and golden locks, Helen might be called a brunette, yet her skin was white and her color exceedingly brilliant, her hair white was almost black was soft and glossy, and as her features were almost faultlessly regular, she was considered decidedly Blanche's superior in personal beauty, by those, who thought that the quiet dignity of her symmetrical, and highly intellectual face stood in the absence of that play of feature, those bright flashes of soul, which, like the gleaming of a meteor moved about in the sun, gave continual variety to her friend's animated though less regularly beautiful face.

We have before said that our description of these two lovely beings, has reference rather to what they became after the lapse of two or three years had brought their minds to the shadows of his form. What they were at the time of leaving school, which they both did very soon, after they had completed their sixteenth year, is wholly personal history. Helen's her northern home, in a distant part of Scotland, and Blanche in an almost opposite extremity of England. But though in its removal from each other, their hearts were still united, and a regular correspondence was carried on between them for three years without any personal intercourse having taken place. It may easily be imagined that three years, as an important period of life, must have led to changes, actions and sentiment, had produced great changes both in person and mind, and those which had been similar, in their commencement, were not less striking than might have been anticipated. They had both in that time learnt a lesson, which, more than any other, penetrates into the inmost recesses of the soul, and draws forth thoughts and feelings before unknown, for each had listen to love. Helen had been on a visit to a friend in Edinburgh, where she had become acquainted with a Mr. Malcolm Graham, to whom she replied to her letters in a strain of admiration so unlike her usual quiet mode of expression, that Blanche's suspicions were excited, and she playfully, but pretty keenly, in two or three times. Helen at length acknowledged that her mother's sanction, (for she had lost her father when very young) had been wanted to complete their happiness, and as the gentleman was of an ancient family and possessed of a large fortune she had no doubt that that would be obtained as soon as solicited.

Blanche, on the other hand, had become strongly attached to a Mr Oswald Beaumont, the son of an old friend of her father, who had returned about a year after she had left school, from a long tour through Europe. She described him as possessed of every requisite to constitute the character of a man, a gentleman, and a lover. It was true that and never yet spoken to her of love, but his attentions were such as to leave her in no doubt as to any of the nature of his intentions. Perhaps as she was still very young, he wished to see her character a little more developed before he committed himself either himself or her in any actual engagement, and though this was a mode of proceeding that did not altogether please her inexperienced and confiding feelings, she could not but acknowledge its prudence and propriety. Satisfied, therefore, with his unvarying attentions, and the considerate delicacy and reluctance of affection that she was almost daily receiving, she left no concern for the morrow, perfectly satisfied with the present (though she had not reflected in each.

"My dear Helen," cried Blanche, looking with delight at her friend's letter, "how much you are altered! I had no idea of seeing you so beautiful!"

"It was not being conscious," replied Helen, "to come us in a sense of the beautiful whenever we found it."

"Either in ourselves or others, I suppose," returned the gentleman, still speaking in a bantering tone.

"Yes, either!" said Helen, entering unreflectedly into the jest, "but only anxiety was to prevent one from looking on a value on so perishable a commodity. But I suspect, Blanche, you have found it rather a difficult thing, sometimes, to remember your lessons."

"Do you speak from experience!" asked Blanche, slily.

"Oh! as to me," returned her friend, "I have been so much shut up amongst the mountains that the voice of flattery has seldom reached me, and I must be carried, therefore, not to give me too much now, lest I should prove unable to bear it. At present Beaumont, you see, is at her feet in good hands she was once he would pardon her abruptness, and then quitted the room, replying with a smile to his inquiry, that if she would not see him soon, by saying she believed not, unless he found Helen was not sufficient to amuse him during his stay, in which case he could not blame him, as Helen was a combination of all her suspicions, and all she had to do, was to begin to admire. But she had but known what it was to be disappointed in the most cherished feelings of the heart, to have the first fond hopes of a pure and ardent affection blighted and destroyed, but will sympathize with the gentle, affectionate and confiding girl, as she hastened into her drawing room, and, placing the writing desk on a table, sunk on a chair, overcome by the intensity of her emotions. Yet not one unkind thought or feeling towards those who had caused the pain had place for a moment in her bosom. The only sensation of which she was conscious, was distress at the idea of suffering so much pain from what would seem to those around her, a cause so trifling and chilling winds. The autumnal season has fairly commenced, and I suppose I must bid adieu to the brightness which made me in love with the land. The change has been no less sudden than unpleasant, and if, as they say, it will continue all winter, with little variation, I shall have to seek a clearer climate. In the cold of these European winters, there is, as I also observed last year, in Germany, a dull, lifeless chill quite different from the bracing, exhilarating frosts or America. It seems to stagnate the vital principle, and leave the limbs dull and heavy, with a listless feeling, which can scarcely be overcome by vigorous action. At least, such has been my experience.

We took a walk yesterday, to Pratolino, on the Appenines, to see the vestage and the colossal colossus, by John of Bologna. Leaving Florence in the morning, with a cool, fresh wind blowing down from the mountains, we began ascending by the road to Bologna. We passed Fiesole with its tower and Acropolis on the right, and kept on by a gentle ascent, with the bold peak of one of the loftiest Appenines on our left, and the fair valley below us, stretching away to a range of hills which would rest a painter a good sum for ultra marine, were he to take the picture. The abundant fruit of the olive was beginning to turn brown, and the grapes were all gathered in from the vineyards, but we learned from a peasant boy that the vintage was not finished at Fratolino.

We ascended for six miles with the most Appenine scenery on either side, and finally arrived at an avenue shaded with cypress trees, leading to the royal park. The vintagers were busy in the orchards, and the fruit was in the greatest profusion, and many a laugh and jest among the merry peasants enlivened the toil. We assisted them in getting rid of some fine clusters, and then set out to hunt the "Colossus of the Appenines." He stands above a little lake, at the head of a long mountain-slope, which he seems to have made into a beautiful lawn, broken with clumps of magnificent trees. This remarkable figure, the work of John of Bologna, impresses one looking at a relic of the Titans. He is represented as half kneeling, supporting himself with one hand while, the other is pressed upon his breast, the head of a dolphin, from which a little stream falls into the lake. The height of the figure, when erect, would amount to more than sixty feet! We measured one of the feet, which was a single piece of rock, about eight feet long, and from the ankle to the top of one knee was fully twenty feet. The limbs were formed of pieces of stone, joined together, and the body of solid stone, with the rough hair and eyebrows, and the beard which reached nearly to the ground, is all of stalactites, drawn from some neighboring mountain, and one dripping and crusted mass. These stalactites hang from his locks and body, and gave him a wild appearance of Winter in his mail of icicles. By climbing up the rocks at his back, we entered his body, which formed a small-sized room, and it was even possible to ascend through his neck and look out at his ear! The face is in keeping with the figure, and the expression is that of a lord, (one can hardly say sculptor) has given to the whole the majestic air and sublimity of the Appenines. But who could look up so steep a hill, *Sir?*

We visited the factory on the estate, where wine and oil are made, and the produce of the farm viewed away. The men had just brought in the last vintage of large clusters of purple grapes, which they were washing up with heavy wooden pestles. When the grapes were pretty well reduced to pulp and juice, they emptied them into an enormous tun, which they told us would be covered airtight, and left for three or four weeks, when they drew the wine off at the bottom. They showed us also a great stone mill for grinding olives, and said that this estate of Pratolino alone produced from 1500 to 2000 barrels of wine and a hundred and fifty of oil, every year! The former article is the universal beverage of the laboring classes in Italy, or I might say, of all classes; it is, however, the pure blood of the grape, and although rich in such quantities, one sees very little drunkenness—much less than in our own land.

A week ago or more, I went into the church of Santa Maria Novella to hear the organ-music, which I had been told was very fine. The pieces were all of a solemn character, and on entering, I found the church decorated for a fete. The walls were hung with crimson and white, the colors of Tuscany; brilliant tapers were burning before the shrines, and the long body of the church was filled with people. A new altar appeared to have been erected in the center, flashing with gold, and with a figure of the virgin, prepared to receive the homage of kneeling, wearing a blue satin dress, with trimmings to correspond. Throngs of worshippers, of both sexes, pressed up to the altar and kneeled down around it, while I looked, a body of priests in the chamber behind the altar, issued up their solemn and impressive chant. This took up about some time, and meanwhile the tapers around the chancel were all lighted up till the church in some very brilliant. The organ-music was very beautiful—it differed from any I had ever heard in its more delicate character of the full strain. It was like a brilliant, exquisite waltz, to which fairies might dance. Sometimes the accompaniment of crystal bells was added, which giving a liquid, tinkling sound, produced a delightful effect. The music, alternating with the priests' chanting, lasted about an hour, during which time a bishop, who had taken his stand before the altar, was engaged, having blessed the people, to followed the example of the crowd.

J. S. T.

## Original Song.

### TWILIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JAMES GUMMELL.

Sweet twilight nestled on the verdant hills,
Where flowers were twining linked in Hayden's careless ways.

Yes—softly flattering twilight kissed the rills
That in their course toward a final grave.

The gorgeous Sun, retreating from the west,
Left the golden Day to Night's dark vest.

The ethereal Queen her banner then unfurled,
And waved it with proud majesty, on high,

Enchanting twilight! with thy pearly showers,
Appear'st to me a very fairy land.

We had thy presence as the meanest lasie—
Shipwrecked and cased upon the hollow shore.

Calm and serene, thou'st welcome hours, when gains
Have sunk blindness, and ruined in store.

Oh King of Heaven! let this spirit linke—
When twilight dews are mingling with the day,

Like Phœbus' rays in morning's rosy cheeks!

NUMBERS—that ruinces a day of pure anxiety is sufficient to sustain life in a healthy adult. The Mexican Indians, and negroes, during the period of the harvest live almost exclusively upon it. Sugar, as an aliment is exceedingly nutritious, but cannot a great while sustain life independent of other kinds of food, as it contains no nitrogen. Persons who take considerable quantities of sugar, have but little appetite, from the fact that it causes the system to be replete with nourishment.

EP If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.

## From the Magazines.

FROM PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL DOLLAR JOURNAL.

### THE PROVOKING LITTLE CREATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANCES AND FANNY."

In that small, brick tenement, several years ago, lived Mr. and Mrs. Graver, and their sweet Phœbe Lamb. To be sweet now is her accustom; but she was rather under the middle size, very fair, very gay, and with very black eyes. She had a pretty figure, is apt to nothing of well shaped hands and feet. She was, besides, very good-hearted and very industrious, but, unfortunately, in addition to so many agreeable traits she was of a very uncertain temper —in short, spoiled by over indulgence.

Phœbe owned the small, new brick house next door to the one in which she lived. It rented for one hundred dollars a year, and this sum, with the many presents she received from her god-mother, caused her to be considered among the young people of her class quite a little heiress. She had lovers in plenty. There was Abraham Lawson, the master carpenter, quite well off in the world, and no way disposed to consider the brick house as a contemptible dowry for Phœbe. Then there was a young clerk, Stephen Borne, with a good salary; and a farmer, by the name of Macfarlane, who considered himself the most sensible of all her lovers in obtaining the provoking little creature, as she was generally called.

But there was one young man who loved her with the purest affection; this was James Reynolds, the cabinet-maker. He had been very fond of her from her childhood, had always taken her part in her little quarrels with her young companions, had whipped several boys who had made her angry in attempting to kiss her, and was the first and only person to speak up for her when she was called a pensioner's niece, or even a provoking little creature

Of all her lovers she appreciated James Reynolds, though in a worldly point of view he was inferior to her other lovers: but whomsoever's enough, she treated him with more kindness and familiarness than the others. He was, however, in very good business, and bade fair, some day, to attain a comfortable fortune.

Phœbe had just entered her seventeenth year, when James Reynolds, one day in a shady walk, or rather, when he followed her there, and without much preparation he told her in a frank, manly way that he loved her, and that she must must have known this for a long time, that she would allow him to hope for a return.

Phœbe, for the moment, had expected this declaration for some time. She turned away her head to hide the pleasure that this avowal gave her. But she would not give the poor fellow any hope. She said she was too young to think of such things, and he ought to think further, for there were many who would be very happy to receive his addresses.

"But where is the use?" said he—"where would be the possibility even of my paying attention to any other girl, when my heart is fixed on you alone? I shall be unhappy for the rest of my life if you will not be my own true. What would two years be, long as they might seem, could I be sure that at the end of that time you would consent to be my wife?"

She had held of her arm all this time, and was happy enough, but she trifled with him, and said if he had not been maybe he would regret, and so on. So poor James got no comfort, though from her manner he should have gathered that she wished to see her every day for several days in succession, and then absented himself for a week before she showed more attention to Macfarlane, who was very assiduous, and who was supposed to be the one she would accept at last.

But without mentioning her name about her coquetry, and predicted that she would have to take Abraham Lawson at last, for that her other lovers would not put up with her tricks.

"I know one that won't leave me," she would reply archly, "for he will stay as long as I please."

"I'll go—mean James Reynolds," replied Mrs. Graver, "you may find yourself mistaken, for he has the advantage of others to follow the whims and caprices of such a provoking little creature as you are. Besides, James is getting on in the world, and he has a good deal of money in the bank, and a nice house, and he has a very pretty daughter who won't a bit of a fool."

"James is the most fancy such a stiff poke of a girl, even if she was as rich as they say she will be!"

"More a man, Phœbe, has taken up with a stiff poke of a girl as one call it, when there was a woman that he has long loved so because or you will find out your mistake when too late."

This conversation made a little impression on the silly girl, and James had hopes again; and though she was not quite sure that she might quarrel with indulgent to her whims and never allowed any one to find fault with her.

"I know you're thinking of marrying," said Phœbe, "but I suppose you'll not be married for a while yet?" he said to Phœbe, "I hope not more than a month, for we cannot spare you."

A month! why I expect to stay nearly all winter—there is no one wants me here, I am sure.

"You know better, Phœbe," he reproachfully said, "that is to become of Macfarlane?"

"Macfarlane!—I sent him to his darling farm yesterday, and I do not see his ugly black horse

"He never did call me so," said poor Phœbe, "that I am certain of, and as to his walking with me, or coming in at all occasions, that's nothing, it does not concern me any more than if he were dead—good morning, I am going to see old Mrs. Baker.

"Now you

myself all the afternoon, and yet I had behaved so badly, James, even when I loved you most, too, that I was afraid to speak to you.

If he could see Sapphira, why did he not point the little finger at them for his followers? Why did he not point the little finger at the high-priest and the council here?

"You will feel when you look in that pocket-book, James, that there is something written in it that you would have given your little finger for more than a year ago. Now, James, you will make me sure of your new behavior.

"Oh, Phebe—Phebe—what can you ever, ever say such a thing—how little do you put honor of you."

"You will never call me a little fool again, James, if I make you ever see such—with your—"

"No, not if you torment me ten times as much; but you will not, my Phebe—you could not effect so base! that last word was true to you."

There was another lit of crying and more tender caresses, and then Phebe began to recollect that there were friends anxiously waiting to let out fire, for it was getting late. She made James release her, which he was very unwilling to do, and as the girl was now in the kitchen, she was despatched for her cap, and quiet and opinion, and her looking-glass, and for the clergyman, and a few other things.

Her uncle gave James a ring, and whispered to him it was the bridal ring, and that he was to be married that moment. James sprang up in an instant. Nothing loath was he! Phebe consented, and he now that she did consent, so they all stood up, and in a short time he became the husband of the most provoking little creature in the world.

Then came the pleasant bustle of tea, and at last that height face of hers at the head of the tea-table chosen not your James frantic with joy. He was slowly taking to that little plot. He then was the one that had bought the furniture, and here, in this house, he was to be her happy husband. Wedding cake was eaten and carried off, the tea things were removed, the wedding guests were gone, and James and his little wife were left alone.

"Now James, dear, you shall see the pocket-book," she said, "and you shall find that I could not give it to you before. But come, first, let us go to the work-table, I again, turning her happy face to James, and then took out the pocket-book. On a leaf was written, "a present for my dear husband, James Reynolds, from his ever faithful and affectionate wife, Phebe Reynolds."

"So you see, James, dear," the poor fellow was too much overcome to speak—"that even when I was thought to be a provoking little—for that we James would not let her finish the sentence—even then of the worst, James, I was determined to be your little wife. Never fear me now, James—a wife and a sweet heart are two very different persons. But this does not apply to you, James, for you never can love me better, nor treat me more kindly than you have always done."


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☞ DANIEL JOHNSON, Esq., is Agent for the paper in Fayetteville, N. C., and vicinity. my 16 N

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We receive many letters on business on account of their length. Those on loose good sense are better than wrong had sense—and a short intelligible paper, answers, where a long poem of equal merit is refused. Will our correspondents please bear this in mind.

### THE WHITE LADY.

We commence this week a thrilling story with the above title, from the pen of Mrs. Hughs, one of our most popular lady authors. *Let no one fail to read it*, for it will be found that as the tale proceeds the plot thickens and the interest deepens, until it reaches an admirable denouement.

### WAR, THE ARBITER.

Occupying as we do a neutral position, we have felt *at duty* to abstain from all remarks in relation to the justice or injustice of the present war with Mexico. But while studiously avoiding the causelity sensitive with any party or sectional sentiment, it has been our object to give a full and accurate representation of all matters connected with bringing to the contest in which the nation is now engaged. It may not be amiss, however, to suggest some ideas relative to war in general, that may perhaps, be new to our readers.

In the first place, then, we would remark, that war, in any sense that it can be at all defended, is to appeal to the decision of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. It takes for granted by those who believe in its rightfulness, that the victory will ultimately be found on the side of the right. That it is implied in the often quoted sense of the poet

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

We say that it is only as considered in this light, as an appeal to the judgment seat of God, that a resort to the battle-field can be defended. If it can not on this ground, it appears to us that it cannot be on any such.

But it is not our object to go into a discussion of the abstract rightfulness of War—we leave that where we find it. Our object at present is to throw some light, as we think, upon the result of war considered as an expression of the judgment of the Deity. We state to those who are totally opposed to all war, it must seem often a mystery how it is that in cases where we have every reason to believe the right is with the defeated party, as in the recent war between Great Britain and China upon the Opium question, a righteous Creator should allow the unjust cause to triumph. How our explanation is this.

In every contest between nations there is at least two issues joined—two questions as it were of right. There is in the first place, the particular question that has led to the difficulty, and which settles that is the general moral and religious condition of the two nations. Here are two peoples. One is educated, virtuous, moral, and therefore physically strong—in other words, one living to a considerable degree in accordance with the laws of God, and therefore, in a certain sense, deserving further prosperity and happiness at his hands. Here is another, ignorant, licentious, benighted, and consequently physically weak—in other words, living in a continual disobedience to the Divine commands. Now as it *not* clear, that in any contest between these two nations, even if the latter have the right in any particular quarrel that has led to the war, that it would be contrary to reason, and in fact, paradoxical as it may seem, to an enlarged justice to allow the law of civilization to be trampled on by the devastating tread of those who are to a great degree barbarians. If a nation by general obedience to the laws of the Creator, which are the basis of mental and physical strength and well being, acquires power, skill and energy; it must inevitably triumph over other nations, the general preponderance of which have rendered them mentally and physically contemptible.

But in there then no punishment, some of our readers may ask, for that nation, which abuses its strength in wrath injustice and wickedness? Yes—and a terrible one too. It may triumph for a season—it may like a huge Upas tree overspread and destroy other nations, a mighty instrument to punish their wickedness in the hands of the Most High, because there still lingers in its trunk the strength and mightiness of a former virtue; but year after year is that virtue and that strength decaying, every sequel cause being another worm at its core, until some strong wind that once would only rustled in its branches, shall tear up the trunk and the decaying roots, and leave another wreck to be mouldered, and to chronicle the just vengeance of God.

### WILMINGTON.

There are forty-three Printing offices in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, three Washington, Del. The smaller towns in the vicinity of Boston, are also quite numerous, so that even in the latter great rival, which lays in the centre like a blasted spider in her web, and throws a telegraphic dispatch in every direction, Boston is not the only one. But Wilmington has managed to keep up, to a great degree, its independent position, and within the last few years especially has taken a start, so that its some quiet system begin to abound with the jar of machinery and the hum of business. Perfect of fortifying houses are going up in all directions, and such is the rage for improvement, that even the old shanties that has stood unmolested for we don't know how many centuries, venerable and respected in its ancient simplicity, has been torn down, and we feel that the spirit of progress has come, by the erection of a red, fire-new, and most tasteless house-gateway, under the very eyes. We do not know what responsible for this desecration of that hallowed and classic ground the old church-yard, but whoever it may be, he is a barbarian and has no perception of the beautiful.

But we did not intend so much when we began this article, to give our readers any statistical description of Wilmington, as to call their attention to one of the prettiest spots in this part of the country, we mean the banks of the Brandywine! The Brandywine river is a wild, impetuous stream, rushing, in a very picturesque, for it implies a total abstinence from Brandy and Wine.

But to return to the river, (and cold water;) we know of no river in the United States that we have sought its fresh breezes and cool green shade We have walked along it, run along it, talked along it, laughed along it, and almost rested along it—and, as the result of all this, we know it as we have said, like a book, and are ready to defend it from the attack of any of its calumniators.

But there are two things in a notice of Wilmington, that we can not do forget. The first is its pretty girls. We say it without fear of contradiction, that the young man that cannot get suited there, does not deserve to have a wife. And there there are such scenes of them—such scenes of them. And no gentlemen at all, comparatively speaking. The last time we were at the Brandywine we saw a company consisting of about twenty young ladies and no less, and no gentlemen! They say the few young men that do grow up in Wilmington, seldom marry—there are so many to choose from. But we have reason to think that they can not make up their minds in the first place, and in the second, get to thinking, the silly fellows, that the girls are not good enough for them. All the young misses are snapped up by gentlemen from a distance, who know how hard it is to find exactly what they want, and do not let the prize pass your fellow before they pluck and wear them.

The second thing that we would say a word to to gether in a notice of this pleasant city, is the intelligence and hospitality of its inhabitants—it may be said, therefore, that the above are too high to need even if it be so, they should always be one. We do not know many communities where there are more intelligent gentlemen, and where more genuine politeness is extended to strangers. The gentlemen of the press of any note visits Philadelphia, but is pressed into the service of our Wilmington neighbors. And as for hospitality, it is as free as the breeze, and rather more substantial. In the fashion of the Irishman, who invited his friend to call and take a bite at his fire first; so it is with the Wilmingtonman, an introduction and an invitation to make their house your own. Such is the case with us. They do not belong to the cautious kind, (we Philadelphians are famed for this,) who apprehend that every man is a knave until they find out that he is not—but that class that hate the trouble of entertaining their friends—nor to those who from stinginess or false economy, forget the exercise of a virtue that in ancient times was held to be among the greatest; but their hearts are so large—their hospitality so unstinted—within their doors, and even if the best they can afford to give him be but slender accommodations, he does not notice it, for he sees in their welcome a very consequence, soon begin to look as big as their hearts.

One thing more we have to say—there is one object in Wilmington, and that is the difficulty of getting to it. Not that exactly, either, but the high rate at the hotels between here and there. We really think that if it will pay to run a boat to Burlington, at 124 cents a passenger, that it might be possible to reduce the fare to Wilmington, during every one months at least, to 25 cents. We know that this would not be very profitable to the owners of the boat, but we think that in some quiet system begin to abound with the jar of machinery and the hum of business. Perfect of fortifying houses are going up in all directions, and such is the rage for improvement, that even the old shanties that has stood unmolested for we don't know how many centuries, venerable and respected in its ancient simplicity, has been torn down, and we feel that the spirit of progress has come, by the erection of a red, fire-new, and most tasteless house-gateway, under the very eyes. We do not know what responsible for this desecration of that hallowed and classic ground the old church-yard, but whoever it may be, he is a barbarian and has no perception of the beautiful.

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## HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some Publishers have complained to me, the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers are, under the operation of the present Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in value) is deposited, is to give a certificate of the person who deposited it, specifying the sum, and the Publishers name. This receipt may be sent to the Post Master below, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is deposited.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the persons paying the same, and the Publishers for whom, to the Postmaster for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master below, with the additional sum for his services.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorized to trust to the honesty of the latter for payment, but must wait for the acknowledgment of the deposit of money, in the Post Master at the place where the money is to be paid.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Post Publisher:

Post Office, *Malden, Pa., September 15, 1845.*

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(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, *Post Master.*

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master at Philadelphia:

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Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit the money in notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

## Foreign News.

### ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

Owing to the arrival of the above steamer after we had gone to press last week, we were able only to give the news brought by it in part of our edition. We regret it threatens, with the additional part to the late of a duel in which Lt. Louis Philippe, in this week's paper.

Lord Ashburton has recognized the annexation of Texas, by informing the Custom-House authorities that the produce of that country must be regulated as the produce of the American States.

The accounts from Ireland are gloomy, and every day adds to the misery of the people in that country. The potato crop has failed, summer is over, the distress will have been greatly aggravated.

In the manufacturing districts of England trade have improved, and a very fair quantity of business has been done.

A plot had been discovered at Glogau, for the release of Polish prisoners, and several arrests have been made.

Numerous attempts have been made lately at Brussels, to excite the lower classes against the Government, by distributing incendiary pamphlets and handbills amongst them.

There are continued accounts of trouble in Gallicia, and the arrest of the Prince of the line of which has not yet been suppressed. Martial law still existed at Cracowa and Vigo, and there are some vague accounts of a Gazelle insurrection among the mountains. The mails from Madrid to Corunna had been beset by robbers.

The latest news from Mexico has been the scene of an insurrectionary movement, originating with some governors, who have risen against the exactions of the commander-in-chief, Paredes, and proclaimed on the 20th ult. The liberty of the press was suspended, and military tribunals for the trial of the disaffected had been instituted.

There is no feature of peculiar importance in the war.

The Cotton Market has fully sustained the improved feeling that ruled when the last steamer sailed. The sales of the week ending August 30th amounted to 9,000 bales, including a portion taken on speculation and for export. The market was quiet and the rates current. The sales of yesterday were paid with scarcely any alteration, if anything, we should say it was in favor of the buyer.

Sales have been made of Western Canal flour at 27s. 6d. to 28s. 0; Phila. 26s. to 26s. 6d.; New Orleans 24s. to 25s.; Ohio 24s. 6d. to 25s. 6d., and one or two parcels of prime white and mixed Wheat at 7s. per 70 lbs.

The Oriental Mail arrived on the 1st instant, but the state of India appears perfectly tranquil. Peace seems restored to the Punjaub.

The British Minister, on the occasion of Labour, and arrangements were making for the navigation of the conquered country, which is exceedingly fertile, and every facility was offered to merchants.

The news from Scinde is not of interest. The Governor of the Province Arabee has died a severe fit of illness, but was recovering.

The Irish Coercion Bill has passed its first reading by a majority of seventy-four.

The Corn Bill has not been acted upon, but will probably follow the Coercion Bill. The Corn trade consequently remains in a very unsatisfactory state.

FRANCE.

THE ATTEMPT TO KILL LOUIS PHILIPPE.—Paris, April 11.—On Sunday, the 6th inst., at about the return of the 15th, the King was returning from a drive in the forest of Fontainebleau. The observations caused the King and Queen to rise in the boat, who were sitting on the first seat, on the second was the Count de Paris and Prince Salerno, on the third Madame Adelaide, the young Princes Philippe and the Duchess of Nemours, and on the fourth was the Prince de Joinville.

At the moment when the carriage was turning at the spot called the *Fontaudrie*, two shots were fired from the thicket on the right of the road, and the report of six three was an interval of two or three seconds.

At the first discharge, two bullets cut the fringe and lodged in the roof of the carriage; at the second a bullet and some slugs passed through the King's hat. The Queen, much moved, picked up a bullet which fell between the King and her, and the Montalivet.

Then the assassin had fired at about eight or ten paces from the carriage, in the ditch on the left. The second of earth, at the other side of the wall, and leaned his gun on the wall to take a steady aim.

He was arrested on the spot, in a manner as only to be seen at the moment of firing.

Nobody was touched.

The assassin is a mobile discharge. Millet, one of the cut riders, mounted on the wall from his horse, and jumped away into the enclosure in pursuit of the assassin, who was running as fast as he could.

The officers of the 1st Hussars, not being able to enter immediately encamped the park.

After a few seconds Millet overtook the villain, who turned round, and pointing his gun to him, said, "Another step, and you are a dead man!" but Millet turned aside the barrel of the gun and seized him by the arm, and some officers who came up rendered assistance useless.

He at once declared his name, and expressed his regret at having missed the King.

Lecomte is tall and dark; his features denote great energy; his age is forty-eight. His face was covered with a handkerchief. He had put on a smock-frock to cross the forest, so as not to be recognized.

The King and royal family were already at the palace when he was arrested.

The King, when he stopped short, but the King gave orders, with the greatest calmness, to proceed to the palace.

According to the opinion of an eye-witness, the King would have been killed, beyond a doubt, if the carriage had been in the middle of the road instead of near the wall.

## Army & Navy.

☞ Volunteers are pouring into New Orleans from all quarters, and all idea of resorting to a draft is abandoned. On the 11th, no less than 437 volunteers came in from four different towns in the State, and the full complement of four regiments required from Louisiana under the requisition of Gen. Taylor, will soon be filled up, and we doubt not double the number. The volunteers from Mississippi are also obtaining hourly accessions to their numbers.

PROMISING AS FIRE ARMS.—At Wakervliet, N. Y., the government has 300 cannon of the largest calibre, and a moment's notice; there are also 800,000 in the various depots, independent of the State arsenals, which contain 400,000 of 4,000,000 more. There need not, therefore, be much fear of a scarcity of guns.

NAVY, *Pa.*—We understand that a regiment of mounted men will be raised in Missouri. They will rendezvous at Independence, and proceed to Santa Fe, not with a view of conquest, but for the purpose of protecting a very large amount of property deposited there.—*U. S. Gazette.*

REGISTRATION AS OREM.—We learn from the Indiana Journal that Lieut. Lane has received from the Governor of that State from the President of the United States, calling on him for three regiments of dragoons, to be raised from the militia companies of eighty men each, 2,400 in all.

## News from Abroad.

### FROM VERA CRUZ.

*El Espectador*, (a Vera Cruz paper) of the 20th ult., says that the Mexicans wish to have the Texas affair which is to be adopted by the Mexicans in opposing the American army. It is to be emphatically a war of principles, harmonizing viz. *Liberty or no property.* The Government is adjured to abandon all idea of giving a pitched battle, a campaign of skirmishing and guerilla warfare is the system of the Mexican army is to be split into fragments of 500 or 600 men, and 200 regular troops, which they are to intercept communication by the American forces, cut off their communication, hang upon their flanks and rear, straggling, and keep them in incessant petty attacks, in a continual state of alarm. They are to watch opportunities of making a sudden descent on their magazines, and, in short, lay waste the country through which they are to pass, and in this manner wear them out without giving them an opportunity of striking a single effective blow. The news of our conflict with the troops had not reached Vera Cruz, but it is supposed that it was to have taken place. The editor of *El Tiempo*, published in the city of Mexico, says that the rumored sale to the United States of the province of New Mexico and the Californias, and the cession of Texas, was a mere rumor, but that the Government had been generally approved of. In the same paper a decree is published, by which the Government authorizes the President of the College, Chaplains in the Army, to proceed to the seat of war.

☞ Trinity Church, New York, was consecrated on Tuesday, with appropriate ceremonies. The Catholic Clergymen of the Georgetown College, the Baltimore Patriot says, have all offered their services, in the present war, as Chaplains in the Army and the President has selected the Rev. John McElroy, late of Frederick, and the Rev. Mr. Rae, Vice President of the College, Chaplains in the Army, to proceed to the seat of war.

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The *Diario* publishes a number of letters which have been intercepted by the Government, purporting to be from merchants and others in the United States to influential persons in Mexico, in which they express their desire to see the restoration of peace between the two countries.

Some jealousy had been excited in the minds of a few eminent Mexicans regarding the appointment of Arista to the command of the army of the North, to operate against Gen. Taylor, over the head of Ampudia. Bustamente had openly accused Arista of "connivance" with the Texans. The *Republic* does not warmly defend him from the imputation of such treason.

The attempt made by Gen. Alvarez in the North against the Centralist party, and by the present paper to have been misrepresented. it was a domestic affair between the Mexicans with general opinions. Gen. Alvarez had made use of the funds intended for the expedition against California. The money was applied to other purposes.

Gen. Urrea was at Durango on the 4th of April. The papers accept him of the suspected intent of joining the Northern Departments from the Central Government.

The publication of the paper called "Don Simpliciano" has been suspended in consequence of the stringency of the law against the press. The libel suits against the Government of the late Minister of Justice, Don Vicente Garcia Torres, the printer of El Cid, H. F. Walker (Col. H. F. Walker) G. W. Prpe. D. McLoone D. Stewart A. J. Woodbury M. H. Loomis W. Hill Jones. J. Hall

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J. Watson, Jr. Rev. R. W. Griswold J. Redwick F. Wallace J. Gilmore J. Gilmore J. Gilmore W. Thompson J. Gilmore J. Gilmore J. Gilmore

# Selected Poetry.

[SOME WOMAN'S DEAR HEART, NO DOUBT.]

## I SAW THEE BUT A MOMENT.

BY MRS. ANDELIA S. WILEY.

I saw thee but a moment—fate and lovely one!
I saw thee but a moment—yet my heart was given
Unto thee in that moment—
Thou didst dance upon my spirit, in all thy bloom and
youth,
A passing vision given to my warm and yearning youth;
I saw thee but a moment—I was mid the festive throng,
Those happy youths were round them—they had pleased
me long;
The last gazes were departing—and I, too, had met
A good night;
When thy grace of song o'ercame me—and chained me
with delight!
I turned—and oh, that vision!—thy beauty, fair in
bloom!
Still dwells me with a power that I almost dread to
come—
Those waves heighten one crossed them in that gay and
brilliant hall,
But the coldest feeling among them, was the coldest love
of all!
I have not since come o'er me in the tumult of that
hour—
There were burning thoughts within me—of passion, and
of power!
How sweetly throbbed my bosom, as I listened to thy
lay,
But the power of heart was over, ere the last note died
away!
I knew not what name o'er me that looked and lit my
young hand,
As I strove to screw the spirit that thy music had un-
bound!
I heard some murmured praises—and thy low and sweet
reply—
While harp—and throng—and singer—all swam before
my eyes!
The spell upon me was sealed—and I passed to ask thy
name—
At the intensity of that moment, even now, I blush for
shame!
But the wild friend of my boyhood drinketh at my lip
and cheek,
I heard that thou wert wedded—and fainted on the
floor!
The time is past and over—and my dreams have chang-
ed since then—
I have learned to smoke my spirit, in my intercourse with
men!
But the feelings of that moment—memories of con-
trol—
Still send their glowing current like lava through my
soul!
The time is past and over—and though madness it may
have
There are moments still, but brevity! when I pause to
think of thee!
When I seem to feel thy glances—as they thrilled my
heart of yore—
But the memory hath summon'd me—I must think of
thee no more!

# Salmagundi.

## CRIMES AND THEIR PUNISHMENT.

FROM THE CRIMIC BLACKSTONE.

The law relating to crimes and punishments forms what is termed in every country the criminal code. Though, if the code does only that which is right, it seems unjust to call it criminal. With us, in England, it is denominated the *plaw of the Crass*, because the sovereign is supposed to be hurt by every injury done to the public. So that if A hits B on the head, the blow is supposed to fall on the Crown—in a figure, of course, and the sovereign comes forward, nominally, to prosecute.

The criminal law, say the commentators, was down to the end of the eighteenth century, remarkably rude; but we think there was something more than rudeness in deeming a man to be hanged for cutting down a cherry-tree, and Pliny does allows that "he must have had a black heart indeed, who suggested placing such a law on the Statute-book."

Crimes and misdemeanors are usually the same thing, except that the former are veiled of a deeper dye; and many are of opinion that we get the worst crimes from the sanguinary hue which some crimes are stained with. One feature in the code of Solon is imagining the death of the sovereign, because it is possible that a person who imagines the death of the sovereign may take a fancy to murder him.

Punishments are not intended as an atonement of an offence, but to amend the offence and serve as a precaution for the future. Thus, the law imposes—or, in some cases, hangs—a man to-day that he may assert better to-morrow.

It is, however, difficult to say what should be the measure of punishment, and many wise men have failed when they trust their hands at it. Josephus alludes to a law of the Egyptians, that every one having pawns in his possession should be locked to *take it*, which would be very hard on Mr. Boller, the respectable auctioneer of St. Paul's Churchyard, and would retail on Messrs Satory and Moore the necessity of consuming several pounds of acetic.

The Lacedæmonians have hanging an eye for an eye, which rendered gouging a recognized part of their judicial system, but as some evil-disposed persons selected people with one eye as victims, the law was altered, with an eye to equality, and it was decreed that he who struck the only eye out of a one-eyed man should lose both his own eyes—an atonement, by the bye, which led to some very horrid spectacles. This law of retaliation, however, often caused much injustice; for if a fuchsia had a decayed tooth, which he wanted extracted, he had only to knock out the teeth of some respectable dentist, who would be bound by the law to take out teeth for teeth; and thus he might lose at once a valuable molar and the price of his professional services. The law of retaliation was once tried in England, during the reign of Edward the Third, when it was founded on the principle of inflicting on one the same injury that he designed unjustly to inflict on another. This was, however, found inconvenient, and only lasted a year, for one man might threaten to knock another into the middle of next week, but it would be impossible for the latter to carry out this threat against the individual who had uttered it.

In England it has always been difficult to apportion the quantity of punishment due to different crimes; but some general rules have been usually acted on. Thus, stealing a load or carcass of hunger is a grave and serious offence; for it is a real anchovy business, and the punishment is to be put but wrenching a knocker from a door and running away with it, is neither grave nor serious, because there is some fun about it, and the penalty, in this character, is proportionably ludicrous. The criminal law of this country formerly made hanging a matter of such legal facility, that "hang me," and "I'll see you hanged first," are to this day familiar phrases amid all classes of English society. Even however, always hanging as end to an evil, and the sanguinary system of capital punishments having been followed a logical conclusion of rope, has at last nearly worked out its own destruction.

## THE TOLLMAN.

See the cold-hearted wretch planted in his vile little cot, like a spider in the web, ready to pounce upon every passenger from whom he is entitled to exact his odious dues. No compunction or sympathy has he for any fellow-creature. It may be a wedding party rolling gaily and merrily along to church; it may be a funeral train, the pauper, the country surgeon; a set of ladies and gentlemen carousing forth for pleasure; a chain of frail paupers carriers wagons bearing slowly forward on their inheritors mansions—the Abandonment of the road No matter who it is, what it be or how or whence it be this supreme tollman is unmoved and the heart passively compelling range, unchanged with any feeling whatever, save the stern resolve to withstand passage until a certain sum has been paid. Let any one call for a moment the annoyance to which he has been subjected throughout life by tolls. Many type have been forced to pay it in your own vehicle, and desire a little sleep. After much rousing, Morpheus gently lights upon your generous young head, ah! ere ten minutes have elapsed, the knocker are pulled up abruptly and the coachman commences bawling for the turnpike-man to arouse himself. You start up in alarm, and for horse can sleep no more. Say you are setting out on a party of pleasure, full of joyful anticipations—nice friends, capital cold turkey, with sausages, a basket under the seat—pleasant sunny morning a joke already established, which is to be the keynote for all the gay nonsense of the day—behold, in the midst of your enjoyments, a halt is called, and a hard hilmed hand is presented—six pence! You have to stop short in perhaps one of your dearest whimsies, to twitch out one or two shillings to the horrid intruder. The coachman drives on; you try to resume the suspended pleasantries; but your mind has been disturbed by an ugliness; and the rest of the matter is as flat as fifty flounders. Or it may be that you have obtained from her "papa" the privilege of driving your fair one out. Conversation has reached a most interesting point. The next gentle accents of the adorable one likely to be those which are to make you blest. When lo! a turnpike. At sight of the tollman love claps his soft wings, and is off in a moment. Once thus broken, it is impossible to bring the discourse exactly to the same point again, and so you are left to say that you perhaps however, disappointed. On a thousand such interesting occasions may the fire Gorgon of a tollman come in to suit your purse and your temper, and may you, well, but your patience a hundred times more. Is taxation so agreeable a thing that we should have it that it intruded upon us at the most critical times, and distributed, as it were, over the hours of our existence? What wrote, I would ask, was the introduction of the three acres at the Egyptian banquets?—*Chambers' Journal*

## THE RIGHT KIND OF A WIFE.

A New York editor says he had an introduction last week, to the heroine of the following sketch:—

My ——, merchant, now residing in Philadelphia, who formerly lived in rather an extravagant style, was in the habit, every Monday morning, of giving his wife a certain sum of money for the table and other household expenses of the week; he never mentioned his business to his wife, and she, deeming him sufficiently capable of attending to his own affairs, never inquired into them. About five years after their marriage, through some slight mismanagement, and the rascality of his confidential clerk, Mr. ——— suddenly broke, and his fall was mentioned "sympathisingly" on change, and—like all such misfortunes—all sympathy ended. The merchant kept the affair a secret, and the first intimation his lady had of it, was a news paragraph in the "Ledger." Shortly after dinner was over, on the discovery of the startling fact, Mrs. ——— reported her husband to retire in the parlor a few moments, as she had something to say to him. She then left the room, hurried up stairs, and shortly after returned, with a splendidly bound Bible in hand. Handing it to her husband she said, "George, the day after our marriage you gave me this pocket book as a token of your love, and as a rich mentain to look to in the day of trouble. Its pages have been precious to me; and as your heart looks sad to-day, I now return it to you, that you may glean from it some consolation in the hour of gloom. She then left the room.

The merchant opened the book carelessly, and a bank bill fell out. He picked it up and glanced at the figures—and it was a FIVE HUNDRED! He looked again, and another note of the same amount was before him. He opened it at the first page, and continued to find a bill between every two leaves, till he arrived at the commencement of the Book of Revelations. He was saved—could commence anew, and with a capital of $3,000 to begin with.

He rang the bell—a servant appeared.

"Request your mistress to come to me immediately," said the merchant.

The lady obeyed, entering the room with some thing between a fear and a smile.

"Kate! Kate! Where did you procure all this money?"

"This is the weekly saving of our household expenses for the last five years, was the modest reply.

"Every week, I put you out of the money allowed which you gave me into our Bible bank, that when a day of trouble came upon us we should have something to turn to from the world."

"But why put it in the Bible, Kate?

"Because it is a good bank, and one which will not suddenly break, and fail me, dear."

"You are an angel, Kate," cried her delighted husband, clasping her to his heart.

"Not quite, dear," was the reply, "but I try to be."

There are thousands of such angels, despite the railings of miserable women clustering bachelors.

# Choice Selections.

## FEMALE ATTIRE.

The following passage, from one of Tobin's dramas, where the duke gives his directions to Juliana, respecting her future appearance, is one of the most delicate and lastly worthy of admiration, for the truth which it contains, and the beauty of the sentiment; and was the substance of those which I gave my own wife:

I'd have no glistering gewgaw strek about you,
To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder.
And make men stare upon a piece of earth
As on the star-wort Grammont—no feathers
To scare us strangers to your sex's empire.
Nor rustling silks, but what shall breathe sweet wood.
Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She is adorned
That hides the husband's eye leads lovely—
The truest mirror that an honest man
Can see her beauty in.

*Juli.* And none, sir.

*Duke.* I should like well to see you in the dress
I have proposed you.

*Juli.* The blue one, sir?

*Duke.* No—the white. The modestly attired.
A head-dress rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper tinct than comes and goes
Not purple more pure-zone than inhabit them
With the pure red and white, which that same hand
Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks;
This well proportioned body—(limbs and features
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy fine bosom swelling in the sun—
Then 'tis no much closer vance as chaste dance
Can ever without a blush.

FRIENDS, OR QUAKERS.—Originally they were called Seekers, from their refusing to join in any of afterwards Proselyte, an appellation characteristic of the relation which men under the Christian dispensation stand to their heavenly master. The name of Quaker was given to the society by one Bennet, because the founder, Fox, admonished him and those with him to tremble at the name of the Lord.

This people early suffered persecution in England in 1656 they made their appearance in Boston, where were cruelly scourged and their ears cut off, yet they were steadfast in their constancy in 1659 they made their appearance in Virginia. Friends had suffered persecution and imprisonment in Newgate, and 164 Friends offered themselves at that time to the governments; to the reprieved of a law of an equal number in danger of death, from conscientious scruples to a statement in "*The Friend*," an able London paper devoted to their cause, we learn that the promise of England at one time seemed of the spread of the doctrines of Friends, and for the only reason that they testified to the truth and kept their conscience clear towards God and man.

But the tables have been changed in their favor, for they are now considered, with all their peculiarities, as a most useful, industrious, persevering, humane, and universally respected sect. Their present number in the Union is upwards of 200,000.

TELLING A LOVER'S STORY.—Prince Ballonsky possessed, in an eminent degree, the talent of telling a ghost story. At a large party one evening, the subject of conversation happened to be that of ghosts.

"Do, Prince, testify on a little!" Upon this the Prince ordered the lights to be extinguished with the exception of one, which was left burning at the opposing apartment, the door of which remained open. The narrator commenced his tale, which, indeed, no doubt, he anticipated, upon the appearance of a horrid phantom advancing slowly, in the midst of darkness and silence, towards a person. After the tale may be equally long as to quality when brought from the garden or the market, but their look and taste equal. All is not the same with them as to the difference in the manner of cooking. Vegetables are in greatest perfection when most plenty. That is the reason I find the most delicious dishes early days, when luxury and avarice force the vegetables out of season. For the years in which by nature and common culture they are most hardy and in greatest perfection. As a general rule, those kinds of vegetables are the most delicate the largest or the smallest. They are more tender, juicy, and full of flavor, just before they are full grown. The best fruits are those which are neither